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Canada. Prime Minister, 1935 -

(W. L.
King)

TRIBUTES

to

THE LATE LORD TWEEDSMUIR

Governor General of Canada

by

RIGHT HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

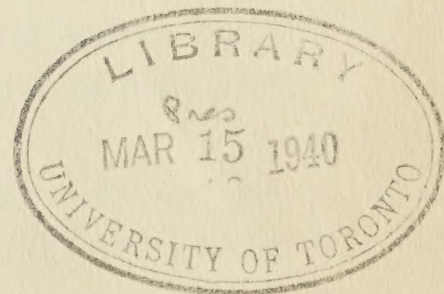
Prime Minister of Canada

I.

Broadcast Over the National Network of the
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
Sunday, February 11, 1940

II.

To the Press of Canada
Monday, February 12, 1940



OTTAWA
J. O. PATENAUDE, I.S.O.
PRINTER TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY
1940

*Tributes to the Late Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor
General of Canada*

BY

RIGHT HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING

Prime Minister of Canada

BROADCAST OVER THE NATIONAL NETWORK OF C.B.C.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1940

To-night, in the City of Montreal, there died a great and a good man, John Buchan, 1st Baron Tweedsmuir. With heartfelt sorrow, and in fulfilment of a sad duty, I am called upon to inform the people of our country that the life of His Excellency came to its earthly close shortly after seven o'clock.

In the passing of His Excellency, the people of Canada have lost one of the greatest and most revered of their Governors General, and a friend who from the day of his arrival in this country dedicated his life to their service.

To his great task Lord Tweedsmuir brought wisdom, experience, the grace of words and a generosity of heart which found expression in a wide human sympathy and understanding. He came to know and to share the feelings and the aspirations of the Canadian people in all parts of the Dominion. He visited them on many occasions in the East, in the West, and in the Far North, and was never happier than when he shared the simplicities of their joys and their labours.

Out of that knowledge and understanding, there came an enthusiasm for this country, its institutions, its traditions and its people almost unique in our history. And if Lord Tweedsmuir knew the Canadian people as few, if any, Governors General had known them before, the Canadian people learned to know him and to hold him in unsurpassed affection.

There is not a home in our Dominion which will not be saddened by the loss which our country has sustained; not a part

of the British Commonwealth of Nations which will not recognize our bereavement as its own. The world itself has suffered in the passing of one whose great sympathies and talents were dedicated to the service of mankind.

He was, like so many great men of his race, a son of the manse. Christian ideals moulded his life and guided his footsteps; and it is an inspiration to recall that, on his last public appearance as Governor General of this country, one week ago to-day, he read the Lesson in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in this City of Ottawa, humbly proclaiming to all men his unshaken belief in the faith of his fathers.

In the discharge of every public duty, Lord Tweedsmuir was fidelity itself. Cut off as he has been in the height of his powers, one can only believe that in the providence of God, he had completed the work which here it had been given him to do.

To the King, in the passing of His Majesty's representative in our Dominion, our country extends an expression of its profound sorrow. No Sovereign ever confided a great trust to a more faithful servant.

To Her Excellency, the Lady Tweedsmuir, to her daughter, to her three sons who to-day serve their King as their father did before them, Canada offers its deepest sympathy on this day of national mourning.

II

TO THE PRESS OF CANADA

Monday, February 12, 1940

Canada was proud to have in her midst a great scholar who touched life at so many places and touched nothing which he did not adorn.

Lord Tweedsmuir's books brought refreshment, enlightenment and solace to hundreds of thousands of our citizens. His speeches, which always enshrined the best thoughts uttered in the best way, were models of matter and form. Whether he was speaking to learned societies, to professional organizations, to old Canadians in the East, or to-day's Canadians in the West, he gave to them an inspired vision of the strength of democracy and of the true meaning of nationhood. Many a fisherman and farmer, prospector and trapper will mourn, in his passing, the loss of a great-hearted gentleman, who once brought humour, humanity and sympathy to the lonely places of this broad land.

As a poet, a biographer and a teller of tales, he never forgot that the true end of literature is "the notation of the human heart".

At the beginning of the century, Lord Tweedsmuir had been one of that brotherhood of far-sighted men who worked for racial reconciliation and national freedom in South Africa. His experience, joined with his knowledge of history and his intuitive appreciation of the nature of free British institutions, had equipped him ideally as the direct constitutional Canadian representative of His Majesty the King. From the correct conception of that high office, he never departed in thought, word, act or deed.

Lord Tweedsmuir's own career was an inspiration to Canadian youth. His courage, his perseverance, his steadiness of purpose and his amazing industry seemed to typify the virtues of the Scottish race at their noblest and best.

Within a frame that was never robust was set an indomitable heart. He found time and energy to become a soldier, a statesman, a historian, a poet, a novelist, an orator and a man of affairs.

Many will recall Lord Tweedsmuir's recent rectorial address to the University of Edinburgh. Taking his title from the Pilgrim's Progress, he called it "The Interpreter's House". In it, at its conclusion, he asked, for the members of his university, the answer to the prayer of Socrates: "Grant to me to become beautiful inwardly, and that all my outward goods may prosper my inner soul." I have often thought how abundantly that prayer was answered in the life of His Excellency himself. Wherever he had his habitation in Canada, whether in Rideau Hall or in the Citadel of Quebec, or under any roof great or humble, that habitation became also "The Interpreter's House". For all his great arts and talents, wherever he was, were devoted to an understanding of the people, and to the interpretation of all that was best in French and English, East and West, new Canada and old Canada.

On more than one occasion Lord Tweedsmuir expressed the wish that he might be truly called a Canadian. Hundreds of thousands of our citizens who came under the influence of his wise gentleness and his humble courtesy were more than willing to claim him as their own. I am sure he would be proud that his epitaph graven on the hearts of our people should mark the grief of Canada at the loss of her adopted son who knew her ways and loved them.

